

PS 1399
.C7
Copy 1

Thoughts in Verse.



S U B S C R I B E R S.

• • •

The undermentioned are amongst the original Subscribers for these Poems :

REV. W. W. HAMMOND	Brooklyn.	Mr. C. VIETOR	New York.
" A. K. SANFORD	New York.	" JOHN K. MYERS	"
JOSEPH W. HOWE, Esq. M.D.	"	" J. PIERPONT	"
J. C. MOORE, Esq. M.D.	Brooklyn.	" C. P. FRAME	"
DR. JOHN C. WYMAN	"	" J. L. EVERITT	"
CHAS. I. PARDEE, Esq. M.D.	N. York.	" W. H. NEILSON	"
J. D. POLHEMUS, Esq. M.D.	Brooklyn.	" H. D. KING	"
H. G. PIFFARD, Esq. M.D.	New York	" W. T. LOCKWOOD	"
GEN. MARSHALL LEFFERTS	"	" WM. MAYO LITTLE	Brooklyn.
COL. D. R. LARNED	"	" JOHN H. LYON	"
" H. H. HADLEY	"	" J. W. WASHBURN	New York.
HON. WILSON G. HUNT	"	" J. D. WING	"
" ETHAN ALLEN	"	" JNO. H. EVANS	"
MERCANTILE LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK		" C. E. COFFIN	"
MRS. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, N. Y.		" THEO. GOERCK	"
MISS. L. N. SNOW	"	" JAS. F. CRATE	"
MR. JOHN R. GARDNER	"	" B. FELLOWES	"
" W. H. GUION	"	" J. DE NEUFVILLE	"
" R. T. WILSON	"	" GEO. BACON	"
" J. R. EMERSON	"	" J. H. HOLLIS	"
" E. A. DRAKE	"	" W. K. SOUTTER	"
" CHAS. F. SOUTHMAYD	"	" J. T. SOUTTER	"
" JOSEPH H. CHOATE	"	" J. S. COLGATE	"
" JAS. M. BROWN	"	" GEO. HODGSDON	"
" OLIVER K. KING	"	" L. SATTERLEE	"
" OSCAR F. BROWN	"	" EDWARD HAIGHT	"
" ALEXR. MACKAY	"	" C. F. TIMPSOM	"
" J. P. PAULISON	"	" J. M. GILLESPIE	"
" ELWOOD WALTER	"	" HENRY COGGILL	"
" A. G. MONTGOMERY, JR.	"	" WALTER R. T. JONES	"
" A. HERMAN	"	" J. D. VERMILYE	"
" N. CHANDLER	"	" W. R. VERMILYE	"
" H. MCKIM	"	" P. M. BRYSON	"
" JOHN B. NORRIS	"	" G. T. ADEE	"
" T. W. VIETOR	"	" JAS. BRUCE, JR.	"
		" JAS. M. BATES	"

SUBSCRIBERS—*Continued.*

MR. WM. H. BATES	New York.	MR. D. B. WHITLOCK	New York.
" T. Y. BROWN	"	" R. E. SELMES	"
" A. HALSEY	"	" J. DOOLITTLE	"
" W. P. PALMER	" *	" CHAS. A. COOK	"
" O. W. PALMER	"	" JOHN HORN, Jr.	"
" W. J. COMES	"	" S. M. HEBBERT	"
" G. N. COMES	"	" J. F. PHILLIPS	"
" D. D. COMES	"	" W. G. WILEY	"
" H. DE MAZIERE	"	" SAML. HARNED	"
" ALEX. RHIND	"	" A. D. PUTNAM	"
" H. N. DARRELL	Brooklyn.	" D. B. PALMER	"
" A. D. SELLICK	New York.	" MORT. L. MACKENZIE	"
" WM. H. GILLEN	"	GREAT WESTERN MARINE INS. CO.	
" HENRY D. McGOVERN	"	N. Y. (16 Copies.)	
" N. STODDART	"	U. S. LLOYD'S, N. Y. (4 Copies.)	
" PETER VOORHIS	"	CONTINENTAL LIFE INS. CO.	
" S. VAN CLEEF	"	(25 Copies.)	
" F. J. PARKER	"	MANHATTAN INS. CO. (5 Copies.)	
" CHARLES WILLIS	"	MESSRS. DABNEY MORGAN & CO.	
" R. McGRAHAM	"	New York.	
" THOS. G. WEST	"	" BABCOCK BROTHERS & CO.	
" I. R. TELFAIR	"	New York.	
" R. DREWRY, U. S. Sub-Treasury.		" MACAULAY & CO.	"
" P. C. A. BLEM	New York.	" JOHNSON & HIGGINS,	"
" J. R. BUSK	"	" GALWEY & CASADO,	"
" SAML. SMYLLIE	"	" BELL & HAYWARD,	"
" E. W. BENNETT	"	" DOWLEY, CORNERS & CO.	
" R. M. MATTESON	"	New York.	
" JOHN BOS	"	" EUGENE KELLY & CO.	"
" H. HUDSON HOLLY	"	MR. T. L. WISWALL, Tippecanoe.	
" JUNIUS SMITH	"	" JOHN HORN, SEN. Montreal, C. E.	
" DOUGLAS ROBINSON	"	" HENRY C. PAYNE, Goshen, N. Y.	
" JAMES F. COX	"	" ISAAC DOTY, Newark, N. J.	
" EDW. HINCKEN	"	" W. J. ALLEN, Manchester, Vt.	
" W. WESTERVELT	"	" H. H. DICKINSON Brooklyn, L. I.	
" JOSEPH FOULKE	"	" WM. WYNN	"

c 944 A.L



THOUGHTS

IN



VERSE.

BY HENRY C. COOPER.

NEW YORK:

MCGEE, MADDERN & WARREN, 647 BROADWAY.

1870.

781399

C9

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by HENRY C. COOPER,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Dedicated,

By permission, with profound respect,

to

Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside,

by

His obedient servant,

The Author.

Index.

— • • —

	Page
Ephphatha,	9
Talitha-Cumi !	11
Praise Ye the Lord,	12
And there shall be no Night there,	14
Et Crucifixus Est,	16
Confession,	18
In Memoriam,	20
Trust Thou in God,	22
A Good Name,	23
In Oculi Nictu,	24
The Fall of the Leaf,	29
Guess,	30
The Kiss on Reaching Home,	31
The Seasons,	32
The Pleasures of Life,	33
Dum Vivimus Vivamus,	35
Sans Espérance,	36
Hear now, O ye Gods !	37
The Snow-Drift,	38
Beautiful in Death,	40
In the Hollow of His Hand,	42
Soliloquy of a Master Mason,	47
Masonic Hymns,	48
Faith, Hope, Charity,	49

A decorative title page featuring a large, ornate initial letter 'S' on the left, intricately designed with floral and foliate motifs. To the right of the initial, the word 'Sacred.' is written in a bold, serif font. The entire composition is enclosed within a thin rectangular border.

Sacred.

Ephphatha.

"Be ye opened."—St. Mark, vii. 34.



IS evening, and the setting sun
Sinks from the sight of man, and the sky
Gleams with the bright light of countless stars ;
And the pale moon, sweet ruler of the night,
Lights up the earth with silvery beams,
And all is peace.

The carols of the beauteous birds are o'er,
All Nature is at rest : but man alone
Walks in cool evening, and thanks His God
For all the mercies He vouchsafes to him,
And meekly asks, with full and grateful heart,
His constant care.

The limpid waters of fair Sidon's shores
Kiss the round pebbles as they gurgle on,
And seem to murmur, as they flow apace,
A tribute to His wondrous power and might,
Whose spirit on the face of waters deep
Divinely shone.

A little group around their loving Lord,
Stand by a couch in humble, lowly cot :
One who was deaf, and never heard a word,
Whose tongue was never loosed—heard loud and clear
The word "Ephphatha!"

" Be ye opened !" At that sublime command,
The deaf arose ; and learning 'twas the Lord
Of life and love who stood beside the couch,
Gave, with unfettered tongue, his word of praise,
And sent his loud hosannas to the skies—
So justly due.

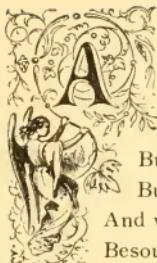
Then let my tongue proclaim His mercies oft ;
And let my ear receive with reverent awe
The words alone which tell His boundless grace ;
And may I hear, when life's dark day is o'er,
A voice, as from the archangel bright,
Saying *Eψφαθà*. *

* Ephphatha.



Talitha-cumi !

" Damsel, I say unto thee, arise!"—St. Mark, v. 41.



LOVING daughter of a Roman sire
Lay on the couch of death ; no quickening fire
Of Jove could rouse the inanimate clay,
Or stay the soul that upward winged its way.
But to no gods the father now appealed,
But soon at Jesus' feet he humbly kneeled ;
And wrestling with an agonizing strife,
Besought his Lord to bring her back to life.

Behold Him at the couch on which she died,
(Her mother's glory, and her father's pride,)
There with the dead alone, He lays His Hand
On that fair brow, and at the august command,
"Talitha-cumi !" her dear life returns,
And every vein with vigorous life blood burns.

Now to thy God be endless praises given,
And let thy constant thanks ascend to Heaven.
" Prepare to meet thy God " at that great day,
When earth, and sky, and sea shall pass away.
And pray, that when before that great white throne,
Where Death the King of Terrors cannot come,
Thy kindred with thyself shall joyful meet,
And bow with gladness at the mercy-seat ;
And " Adoremus " cry in sweetest sounds
Of dulcet notes, when bliss shall know no bounds.

Praise ye the Lord.



E sun, and moon, and orbs of light,
That show His glory day and night,
That speak His majesty and might,
Praise ye the Lord.

Ye oceans that o'erspread the earth,
And compass with stupendous girth
This spacious world of equal birth,
Praise ye the Lord.

Ye mountains, whose exalted brows
Are capped with pure, eternal snows,
E'en while ye stand in dread repose,
Praise ye the Lord.

Ye verdant vales, in robes of green,
All decked in bright, resplendent sheen,
Whose fruits and herbs with richness teem,
Praise ye the Lord.

Ye cataracts, with awful roar,
Ye crags, where eagles love to soar,
Ye heights, o'er which the torrents pour,
Praise ye the Lord.

Ye meads, and fields, and fertile plains,
Who lap the dewdrops and the rains,
And give to man the golden grains,
Praise ye the Lord.

Ye rivulets, with murmuring sound,
Ye brooks, that freshen all around,
Ye springs, that gush from out the ground,
Praise ye the Lord.

Ye beauteous flowers of every hue,
Of green, and gold, and heavenly blue.
E'en as ye sip the morning dew,
Praise ye the Lord.

Ye "cattle on a thousand hills,"
Ye birds, whose music ever fills
The heart of man with grateful thrills,
Praise ye the Lord.

Ye days and nights, ye cold and heat,
Ye showers of spring, ye hail and sleet,
Ye thunders loud, ye lightnings fleet,
Praise ye the Lord.

And ye, O men ! where'er ye go,
Through Afric's heat, or Alpine snow,
On mountains high, in valleys low,
Praise ye the Lord.

Praise Him at morn, at noon, at night,
That so thy soul, with upward flight,
May glide into a life of light—
Praise then the Lord.



And there shall be no Night there.

Revelations, xxi. 25.



I.

LACKNESS and thickest darkness : and the ship,
Groaning and creaking with a mournful sound,
Tossed at the mercy of the roaring waves,
Plunged at one moment down a dread abyss ;
Anon, was lifted to a dizzy height,
And reeled as if in pain.

II.

The sea with maddest fury lashed the sides,
And swept the decks of the ill-fated ship ;
Forty poor souls in one short moment's space,
With cries of terror, anguish, and despair,
Are hurried to the presence of their God :
And still the ship moves on.

III.

But now a shock is felt, and the bolts start
From their sockets, and the tall, graceful masts
Go by the board ; and at the break of day,
Where once was life and strength, a few stray planks
Float as a simple monument o'er those
Who died that stormy night.

*

I.

Down—far down in the bowels of the earth,
A miner works. From his earliest youth
He sought for metals with unflagging zeal ;
And seemed to court the awful solitude
He there obtained—and never felt so glad
As when he was alone.

II.

His tiny lamp, that threw a feeble light,
Served to illumine but wondrous little space ;
And as he sat and split the hardened rock,
Looked very like some weird, unholy thing,
Or ghoul, or myth, who deepened at each stroke
His certain sepulchre.

III.

And when one day he left the noontide sun,
And went below to realms of Stygian hue,
To follow out his work, his lamp went out,
And he was left to perish in the dark—
No more to see the light of Nature's day :
And thus his night began.

* * * * *

I.

On yonder bed a humble Christian lies ;
Kind, loving hands his every want supply,
And smooth his pillow with a watchful care.
Around his bed are gathered now
His loved ones—and on each sorrowing face
He reads their inmost thoughts.

II.

“ My loving wife, and you my children, too,”
He feebly cries, “ I go from you to God :
To that abode where sorrow never comes ;
To see the splendor of that great white throne
Forever in one long eternal day—
And there is no night there ! ”

III.

And when the morning sun serenely shed
Its rays upon that little, loving group,
It seemed to soothe their sad and bleeding hearts :
And as they gazed on that calm, silent face,
They breathed their humble prayers to Him,
“ The Sun of Righteousness.”

Et *Crucifixus* Est.



N Calvary, I see, with weeping eyes,
The spot whereon my Lord and Master died :
He who for such as I was crucified ;
He who with tender, loving accents cries,
“ Father, forgive ; they know not what they do ! ”
What wondrous love at such a time as this,
When He the chastening rod did meekly kiss,
And ask a blessing and a pardon, too.

The cross is raised—behold that bleeding form
Reviled, insulted by the passers-by ;
Yet hear Him sadly, sorrowfully cry
(His brow encircled by the cruel thorn),
“ This day in paradise with me shalt be
That dying thief,” who, when his hour had come,
Fearful to meet a long eternal doom,
Had cried, in faith, “ O Lord, remember me ! ”

Behold that mother weeping at the cross,
Her cup of sorrow filled and running o'er ;
Whilst He, whose heart was bleeding at the core,
Nature's ties parting, said, “ Mother, thy loss
Is gain—mother, behold thy Son is there ! ”
“ Son, behold thy mother ! ” And then that one
Of all the twelve most loved, now a loved son,
Tended the Virgin with a filial care.

Nature once more asserts her pow'rful sway :
“ I thirst,” He faintly cries—the latest cry
That binds divinity to earth—a sigh
That ushers in a heavenly, godlike ray,

Sitting enthroned upon that pallid brow :
 "Father," he cries, "my spirit I commend
 Into Thy hands!" And O, it seems to blend
 Heaven with earth—for this I thank Thee now.

One mournful cry, ere droops that Holy Head :
 "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?"
 "My God!" He cries, in mournful agony,
 "Why, why hast Thou forsaken me?" He said :
 And then arose those last sad, dying words :
 "Τετελεσται"—"It is finished." Those eyes
 Looked full of love and pity, and He dies—
 The sublimest scene that earth affords.

Hear God—"Take off thy shoes from off thy feet,
 For where thou now dost tread is holy ground!"
 And be thy words with humble, solemn sound
 Presented meekly at the mercy-seat ;
 And ask for grace to contemplate the scene,
 When man was ransomed with a priceless love ;
 And think, whilst striving for the courts above,
 Without this sacrifice what thy doom had been.

* Tetelestai—It is finished.



Confession.

Confiteor tibi.



O Thee, O Lord my God, will I confess,
And lay my sins before Thy Heavenly Throne ;
There, no unquiet doubts can me depress,
When I with meekness come to Thee alone,
And seek Thy grace.

Not, as of old the wicked Pharaoh cried,
And sinned whilst saying, "I have sinned indeed :"
A broken, contrite heart hath never lied,
When to its God, in time of sorest need,
It told its grief.

But David, when he heard that prophet bold,
Who without fear proclaimed, "Thou art the man!"
With words of sorrow to his God he told
His treacherous crime—and, like him, I can
Confess my guilt.

Not like that Judas who betrayed his Lord—
Who found, too late, the error of his course—
Confessed to man that he had sinned in word
And deed—and then, when filled with dread remorse,
Took his own life.

But, Peter-like, let me with tearful eyes,
Own my past faults, and lead a nobler life ;
And seek to obtain the heavenly prize—
The great reward of agonizing strife—
To gain a crown.

Nor ever on my bended knees must I
 Assume a posture that belies my heart :
 The upward glance, extending to the sky,
 May oft deceive, and well conceal the smart
 Of rankling sin.

Of small avail to fast, and sackcloth wear—
 What is the body when the soul's at stake ?
 But may I boldly from my bosom tear
 The canker-worm of sin—and for His sake
 Hear Thou my prayer.

And when with sorrow at Thy Throne I kneel,
 And ask forgiveness of my sins, of Thee ;
 Oh ! do Thou grant that I may quickly feel
 Thy grace in healing streams descend on me,
 And make me clean.

Confession ! yes, to Thee I will confess,
 And seek Thy promises, and trust Thy Word ;
 Oh God ! in mercy every effort bless
 That brings me nearer to my gracious Lord,
 Who deigns to hear.



In Memoriam.

Dedicated to the Memory of those who perished in the Steamer "St. John,"
October 28, 1865.



WAS night. The stately ship pursued her way,
And all was joy on board. Friend sought his friend,
And many loving groups together formed
An artist's study. Swiftly the ship flew ;
And as she cleft the Hudson's limpid wave,
And bore her living freight to their loved homes,
None thought of fear.

Behold this group. The parents of a child
Gaze with delight upon its sleeping form ;
And as they look upon its cherub face,
Their thoughts in unison ascend to Heaven ;
And as they breathe to Him a silent prayer,
And ask His blessing and paternal love,
They feel sweet peace.

A loving wife, on whose fair, open brow
Time had but lightly laid his ruthless hand,
Yet who had passed twelve happy, joyful years
With him who now sat by her side, and who
Listened to her strange and prescient words,
Which seemed to tell (as by a gift from God)
Impending fate :

" It seems," she said, " as though I soon should leave
My husband, child, and all I love on earth ;
But oh ! the thought is pain !—for how can I
Leave you, my love, and you, my darling girl ?
But should it be, that by the will of Him
We sadly part, we yet shall meet again
On brighter shores ! "

And yet once more. Two happy, loving hearts,
 But joined in marriage for the little space
 Of three short days, are now returning home.
 He gazes on her face with looks of love,
 And she (with tender confidence in him
 Who sought her out to be his loving wife)
 Returns his gaze.

He spoke—(and she, who treasured up each word,
 Drank in his speech, and hid her blushing face):
 “ My love,” he said, “ how shall my thanks be given
 To Him who thus my fondest wish did grant,
 And gave to me a happy, blushing bride
 To cheer me as I walk the path of life?
 May joy be ours !”

* * * * *

The morning dawned. Ere yet the glorious sun
 Had thrown his rays across the face of earth,
 The messenger of death stopped in his swift career,
 And with sharp, two-edged sword smote among those
 Who in sweet sleep forgot the cares of life,
 And sent them, in the “ twinkling of an eye,”
 To meet their God.

Where now, O mother! is thy beauteous babe?
 Thy words, O wife! prophetic import bore.
 And look!—that bride and groom of yesterday,
 Have gone to pass a far more happy time
 With Him above, where at the mercy-seat
 They join in hallelujahs to His Name
 Who reigns on high.

Trust Thou in God.



E still, my heart! nor dare repine
When pains and trials fall on me ;
But may I take it as a sign
That Thou, O Lord, dost care for me.

When friends revile—didst not Thy friends
Offend Thee oft with bitter scorn ?
Their scorn is in the spear that rends,
And in Thy Crown the sharpest thorn.

When racking pain distracts my mind,
And tries to take my thoughts from Thee,
Oh ! grant that I may ever find
Thy presence cheer and comfort me.

Let friends revile, let troubles come,
I'll place my trust, O Lord, in Thee ;
And reach at last my happy home,
And sing Thy praise eternally.

A Good Name.



OT all the baubles that pertain to rank
Should win my heart, or satisfy my mind ;
The highest angels have their God to thank :
His praise *alone* eternally they find
Gives constant joy.

Nor yet alone in overflowing wealth
Should my weak heart forget it's but a trust ;
But seek for treasure where the thief by stealth
Cannot break through, or where the moth or rust
Cannot corrupt.

And though on earth a mighty power I wield,
And Might and Right bind laurels on my brow,
I yet reflect that I one day must yield
All that to me gives satisfaction now
To greater Power.

Could I the rugged heights of knowledge scan,
And contemplate *alone* the road I came,
Of what avail to me that I outran
My slow compeers, save that it put my name
On lips of men ?

Possessed of rank and wealth, of power and might,
Adorned by knowledge with a wondrous mind,
If grace as well had given me the right
To own no peer, I know I yet should find
I needed more.

For, first of all, O God, I need Thy care ;
And, last of all, whom else have I but Thee ?
Oh ! that my name may stand out clear and fair,
And may naught else, save but integrity,
Dwell in my breast !

In Oculi Nictu.

In the twinkling of an eye.



ORD ! who can tell Thy wondrous power,
Or comprehend Thy might?
Poor mortal of the passing hour,
How can we know aright?

Yet do we know that Thou hast made
This beauteous world so fair—
That Thou its deep foundations laid,
And left Thy impress there.

The living Tenants of the Earth
Who throng this Mighty Ball
Proclaim Thee Author of their birth,
And Hail Thee, "Lord of All!"

But Thy Omnipotence divine,
Some future day will be
Surpassing grand, when Time
Begets Eternity.

For, when the Great Archangel bright,
Proclaims o'er Earth and Sea,
By all the grandeur of His Might,
That Time no more shall be—

Then, in the "twinkling of an eye,"
'Mid conflagrations dire,
The flaming sword will leave the sky—
All Nature must expire.

That awful day, when He shall come
 To judge us by His Word—
 How, Sinner ! wilt thou meet thy doom,
 Or stand before the Lord ?

When wicked men shall call, in vain,
 Upon the rocks to hide
 And shield them from the burning rain,
 But help will be denied—

Hear what that mighty voice asserts :
 “ Prepare to meet thy God !”
 “ Sinners ! receive thy just deserts—
 Ye now must feel the rod !”

But to the Good—how sweet that voice
 That bids them gently come ;
 And whispers in each ear, “ Rejoice,
 For Heaven is now thy home !”

“ No tears—no pain—no grief again
 Can mar thy pleasures here ;
 For He will now assuage all pain,
 And wipe away each tear !”

Then, in the “ twinkling of an eye,”
 May I translated be,
 And pass from earth to Realms on High,
 And live eternally !

Praise, then, the Lord of Power and Grace ;
 Extol Him to the sky ;
 And learn what joys these words embrace,
 “ The twinkling of an eye.”

Secular.

The Fall of the Leaf.

THE close of Autumn at length has appeared,
And left the leaves all yellow and seared,
And many are fallen, quite faded and dry,
And we feel that the days of Winter are nigh.

The voice of the leaves as they rustle along
Seems to be singing a sweet, sad song ;
And the words as I hear them appear to be,
“ Humanity ! take a lesson from me.”

“ My freshness has often delighted the eye,
My beauty has charmed the passers-by ;
But now I am withered—my beauty is fled,
And I fall to the earth—the place of the dead.”

But One, who above rules the earth and the sky,
Who watches us all with Omnipotent eye,
Assures us that we, as the leaves, must soon fall,
And bids us be ready to answer His call.

When spring time returns, the leaves brightly will come—
The type of that day we shall rise from the tomb ;
Like them, may our robes be all sparkling and bright,
As from darkness we verge on a heavenly light.

Let the lesson so taught by the fall of the leaf,
Remind us our time of probation is brief ;
And as our life's autumn glides gently away,
It will usher us into an undying day.

Guess.



NE lovely day, not long ago,
From country life and scenes returning
What was it made me all aglow?
What was it set my heart a-burning?

Was it the bright autumnal day?
The sunlight on the waters beaming?
(What is it makes my face betray
The thoughts I cannot help revealing?)

Was it the view on either side
The glorious, sparkling Hudson River;
That all comparisons outvied,
And put me in a mortal quiver?

Was it the gayety of show
On board that goodly river steamer?
Perchance some literary flow
From some æsthetic travelling dreamer?

Or some nice book, perhaps, the cause—
Disraeli's last, or "Ecce Homo"—
Some problems on magnetic laws?
(To which some might inquire, *Cui bono?*)

But nothing of the sort at all
Caused me the greatest satisfaction—
And I shall ne'er forget this Fall,
Nor yet regret my course of action.

But *one* can understand this rhyme—
And she alone the secret knowing,
Will make me happy for all time,
If she her smiles will keep bestowing.

The Kiss on Reaching Home.



HEN in my boyhood's early days,
From care and every trouble free,
How sweet my mother's words of praise !
How sweet the kiss she oft gave me !

When from the school at dewy eve,
I thought no more of Greece and Rome,
My sister round my neck would weave
Her arms, and kiss me welcome home.

And later still—perforce I must
Through busy scenes carve out my way—
One face there was I'd always trust—
That kissed me at the close of day.

And when at last, my joy complete,
I won that hand so long my own,
What bliss, when I, with nimble feet,
Gained a wife's kiss on reaching home !

And then a few short years go by,
Still ever *homeward* I am prone—
A loving daughter I espy,
Who kisses me when I reach home.

* * * * *

Ah, me ! that mother now is laid,
With tears and sorrow, 'neath the sod ;
She kissed me as she feebly prayed
That both might meet to rest with God.

That sister, too, with tearful eyes
Kissed me farewell, and went her way ;
(Her husband's proud of his sweet prize
He drew on that eventful day.)

But time rolls on with ceaseless flow ;
Two joys I fain would ever own :
A daughter's kiss as pure as snow,
A wife's sweet kiss on reaching home.

The Seasons.



LOVE the Spring—its genial days,
The advent of the beauteous flowers ;
The budding trees, the sun's warm rays,
And all the fertilizing showers.

But Summer days I love still more,
When Nature, robed in green and gold,
Gives joy alike to rich and poor,
And country life has charms untold.

But in sweet Autumn's ripening morn,
Still greater charms I soon discover :
The fruit all ripe—the waving corn—
The new-mown hay and scented clover.

But still, I own, I love the best
The Winter's cold—the frozen waters,
That give exhilarating zest
To thousands of our sons and daughters.

The sparkling fires—the cheerful glow
Of pine-knots in the fire-place blazing—
The wondrous stories as they flow
With an alacrity amazing.

In-doors, the warmth—outside, the sleigh,
Or else, perhaps, some glorious skating ;
And thus is passed each Winter's day,
And nothing else is worth debating.

But Spring or Summer, 'tis the same ;
We give to Thee our adoration.
At Autumn's end we praise Thy Name,
For blessings showered throughout the nation ;

And comforts in the wintry days
Demand from us the thanks we give Thee ;
A generous hand that ever stays
To feed the poor and help the needy.

The Pleasures of Life.



HAT various charms this world affords,
To men of different minds !
Pursuits and pleasures yield rewards :
Each satisfaction finds.

The diplomat, with prescience keen,
With art's consummate skill,
Takes pleasure in his might, I ween,
To work his sovereign's will.

The soldier on the battle-field,
'Mid carnage dread, and strife,
Thinks most of what his valor yields—
Its gain is more than life.

The sailor braves the tempest's wrath,
Nor feels the least alarm ;
The danger that surrounds his path
Intensifies the charm.

The surgeon, as he wields the knife,
Or stops the arteries' flow,
Rejoices that his skill prevents
Unutterable woe.

The preacher, with a solemn voice,
Delights those truths to tell,
That prove to sinners what a choice
Is left 'twixt heaven and hell.

The actor, strutting on the stage,
Who wields his wooden sword,
And simulates terrific rage,
Seeks plaudits for reward.

The gambler, trembling o'er the dice—
The drunkard o'er his wine—
Each takes his pleasure in his vice,
Nor feels it is a crime.

But pleasures such as I would ask,
(And better, I must own,
To find, would be a hopeless task),
I always find *at home*.

Contented with my lot on earth,
I sing in joyful tone—
“My joys, of which I have no dearth,
I ever find *at home*.”



Hymn Hiramis, Hiramis.

" Eat, drink, and be merry."



HIS happy world—how sweet to me,
How rich its pleasures are !
No pain to feel, no grief to see,
Nor ills my joys to mar.
I mingle with the happy crowd
Of pleasure-seekers gay ;
No thoughts to vex, no cares allowed
To drive my peace away.

A constant round of sights and scenes
Pass on before my eyes ;
And as they come and go, it seems
That each contains a prize.
I eat, and drink, and sleep ; and move,
With fashion's giddy throng ;
No troubling thoughts do me reprove—
I could not do a wrong.

I'm told that surely after death
The judgment-day will be ;
That I should use my fleeting breath
As for eternity.
But life is brief, its pleasures great,
And God is good, I know :
There cannot be a dreadful fate
For mortals here below.

" Thou fool !" Arrest thy mad career,
Nor downward further go ;
Thy life thus spent without a fear,
Will end in bitter woe.
Of God's good grace alone thou art
A living monument ;
Think what His solemn words impart—
" After death the judgment."

Sans Espérance.



HOULD ling'ring sickness follow me
Through long and painful years,
My pain would cease on thoughts of thee,
And grief find vent in tears.

Should reason's seat be overthrown,
And all be dark to me,
My madness would a form assume,
But end in mockery.

Should sudden death my course arrest,
And call me hence above,
My dying thoughts, to none address'd,
Should be of thee, my love.

But rather than my brain should reel,
And reason's throne o'erturn,
And deathly terrors, not to feel,
Whilst love for thee doth burn—

'Twere better far my days to spend
In bitter agony:
And crying still, when at life's end,
"Lama Sabachthani?"

Hear Now, O Ye Gods!



Had I the powers of the Olympian Jove ;
 Could I Minerva's wisdom justly share ;
 Could endless treasure me a Crœsus prove ;
 Or like Apollo could I seem as fair ;
 Could I support a world as Atlas did ;
 Or, Vulcan-like, forge thunderbolts of heaven ;
 Could I, in short, be all omnipotent,
 And Medio-Persic laws by me be given—
 At thy loved shrine all wisdom, power, and grace,
 Riches and strength in one Ægæan stream
 Should ever pour—whilst smiles o'erspread thy face,
 And prove to ages what my love has been.



The Snow-Drift.



NE winter's day not long ago,
 Whilst on my study-lounge reclining,
 My face lit up with ruddy glow,
 Caused by the fire so brightly shining,
 I looked across the snow-white street,
 And saw a sight that made me weep.

A little girl scarce ten years old,
 So poorly clad, and wet and shivering,
 Leading a child, 'most dead with cold,
 Whose lips with little sobs were quivering ;
 Who looked for pity through the street,
 With eyes that were obliged to weep.

To call my wife, and bid her send
 And get those little children quickly,
 Took but short time—and now they wend
 Their way to us, (so wan and sickly) ;
 And when within our room so warm,
 How glad they are to leave the storm !

My wife (dear heart !) with eagerness
 Brings some warm food and change of raiment
 Saying, “ Heaven will their labors bless,
 Who give to others sweet contentment :
 For He who took our little daughter,
 Will sanctify ‘the cup of water.’ ”

The little girls, now warm and fed,
Began to look at one another ;
" Now, dear," the elder quickly said,
" We must go back and see poor mother !
We ask for her a little meat ;
She has no friends ; nor food to eat."

Taking my hat, I bade them stay,
Whilst I found out their suffering mother :
A wretched hut was where she lay—
(My feelings oft I try to smother),
For, sinking 'neath the chastening rod,
Her soul had gone to meet its God.

I sought for help—with gentle hands
The poor, cold clay was kindly tended—
And though I have not gold or lands,
Those little dears are well befriended ;
And on my house, since that bleak day,
Blessings have flowed, in every way.

O men of wealth ! if ye would know
How great a fire a spark will kindle,
Go seek poor wretches in the snow,
And with the needy freely mingle ;
Relieve their wants, and ease distress,
And share each other's happiness.

Beautiful in Death.



HE snow was falling thick and fast ;
It was indeed a dreadful night :
A gloom, just like a pall, was cast
Upon the earth it hid from sight ;
And few there were who cared to roam,
Or sought to venture from their home.

Two little children, wan and cold,
Had begged all day from door to door ;
The youngest was but five years old,
Her sister but a few years more ;
These little things, a home had none,
Nor living friend beneath the sun.

Wearied and footsore, on they went,
With shivering forms and tear-dimmed eyes ;
No manna unto them was sent,
For Heaven seemed not to heed their cries ;
The eldest prayed for food to God,
Still they were answered by His rod.

At length the youngest said, “ Oh ! see,
I’m sure that’s darling mother’s face ;
She looks so sweet, and beckons me,
Oh ! let us go and meet her, Grace !
For now I feel no cold or pain,
To think I see her face again.”

And saying this, upon the ground
 She sank, as though against her will ;
 While Grace entwined her arms around
 The little form, *now cold and still* ;
 And then a soft voice smote the air,
 "I have not said our evening prayer!"

"*Oh ! may our souls on Thee repose,*
And may sweet sleep our eyelids close ;
But should we never, never wake,
Be pleased, O Lord ! our souls to take."
 Then nestling at her sister's side,
 Before the morning dawned, *she died.*

At break of day, a pure white dove,
 Rested upon a snow-capped mound ;
 Its cooings seemed to trill of love
 For something underneath the ground ;
 With gracefulness it bent its head,
 As if in reverence for the dead.

At length, a traveler passing by,
 Attracted by so strange a sight,
 With sad misgivings hastened nigh,
 And saw the winding-sheet so white ;
 And just within, two lifeless forms,
 One with the other in its arms.

So calm in death—each with a smile,
 As though their mother kissed them there ;
 And like the dove, as free from guile,
 And like the snow, as pure and fair.
 Nature itself contrived to blend
 Sweet emblems for their peaceful end.

In the Hollow of His Hand.

"Winds and storms fulfilling His Word."



HE storm waxed fierce—and dull the thunder roll'd ;
The waves in fury lashed each adamantine rock ;
Gigantic waves, with white crests grim and cold,
Each with a fearful power, that seemed to grin and mock.

"Where are our victims? Where each struggling brave?
Give us our drowning men!" The chorus answered loud,
"Aye! sport with death!—Down to a watery grave,
We hurl our conqueror, though he be ne'er so proud!"

The fork'd lightning, ghastly blue and pale,
Burst from the leaden skies, with transitory glow ;
Each tongue of flame, as though it would impale
Some object of its wrath, it sought for here below.

Euroclydon that night, sent forth its blast ;
The mighty King of Terrors drives through the troubled air;
The weird Eumenides their hot tears cast,
Wrathful and weeping that their quarry was not there.

For, on that foaming waste, nor ship nor sail,
Strives with its little strength, to reach the welcome port ;
But still the lightnings flash—the loud winds wail,
And thunder answers thunder, with sublime retort.

"In all times of our tribulation."—*Litanies*.



WEEPING child, sat by its mother's side,
And that poor weeping wife gazed out upon the night;
To stem back all those tears, she vainly tried,
For all was dark within, that erst before was bright.

Her son and husband dear, (ah ! what a crash !)
She thought to warmly clasp, that very self-same day.
The Furies see her, and anon they lash
Her sore and bleeding heart, that fain to God would pray.

Pressed to her bosom now, the little child
With deathly, pallid face, and quivering, broken voice,
Said to her mother, "Though the storm be wild,
A tiny, gentle whisper, bids my heart rejoice ;

For He who rules the Firmament on high,
Who knows our bitter fears, will hear our fervent prayer :
Come, Mother dear ! for surely He is nigh,
Our sorrows take to Him, nor yield we to despair !"

Oh ! words of bliss ! a flood of light at last !
And on their trembling knees, they seek the throne of Grace :
And, as they on the Lord, their burdens cast,
They feel, that not in vain, "they seek His face."

"Who hath delivered us from our troubles."



HE morning breaks—a lovely, sunlit morn ;
 The azure-tinted wavelets, laugh in the face of day ;
 Each frowning rock, majestic in its form,
 Glistens with radiant smiles, that sparkle through the spray.

The sea-gulls fly in mystic circles round,
 And contemplate in dreamy mood the nether earth.
 All Nature, with a conscious glory crowned,
 Gratulates the day, and hails its peaceful birth.

And lo ! upon the platform of a rock,
 Near by the straw-thatch'd hut, where sleeps her little child,
 A smiling woman stands.—Fond memories mock
 Her recent want of faith, that needless fear beguiled.

For on the waters far beneath her feet,
 She sees the broad, white sails that bear her treasures near :
 Then thanks her Gracious God in accents sweet,
 Nor stays the sob of joy, nor checks th' unbidden tear.

And when at sunset, on that peaceful night,
 The sorely-tried and loved ones, gather round the board ;
 What bliss ! when poor weak faith is lost in sight ;
 To know that they were safe, when storms around them roared.

Masonic.

Soliloquy of a Master Mason.



ING, O my soul ! rejoice, my inmost heart !
And let my knee in adoration bend ;
Whilst I fulfil a Master Mason's part :
Whilst fervent thanks to highest Heaven ascend,
To tell His praise.

The Architect Supreme, who reigns on high,
Grand Master of the Earth, and Sky, and Sea :
He who has said, " I am forever nigh,
Where two or three are met to worship Me,"
O, hear me now !

Within Thy holy temple once again
I consecrate my life to Thee anew ;
O, may my heart, like Gideon's fleece, attain
A plentitude of grace as morning dew,
To cheer my path.

May charity, like holy oil, o'erspread
My every action to my fellow-man ;
Like the anointing oil on Aaron's head,
Which to his skirts in gentle streamlets ran—
Thy first High Priest.

That awful majesty of Thy Great Name
(At which the knees of every one should bow)
Prompts me to pray, I ne'er may take in vain
That Name—August, Sublime. And O, do Thou
Hear when I pray !

And when these eyes shall softly close in death,
And life is ebbing out—away, away ;
I'll sing " Venite" with my latest breath,
And rise to live in still more glorious day
With Him above.

As sinks the sun, and darkness gathers round,
I in my grave shall take my peaceful rest.
Stranger, reflect ! and on that hallowed ground
Seek Him, in whom alone thou canst be blest,
And gain a crown.

Masonic Hymns.

OPENING OF THE LODGE.



WITHIN Thy temple once again,
Great God ! we seek Thy face :
O, do Thou not our prayers disdain,
But fill us with Thy grace.

Let charity like oil o'erspread
Our every action here,
And may we, by Thy goodness led,
Exclaim, " Our God is near ! "

Grand Master of the Earth and Sky,
Who art in Heaven above !
Teach us to feel that Thou art nigh,
And bless us with Thy love.

CLOSING OF THE LODGE.

We thank Thee, God of boundless love,
For all Thy mercies past ;
May we so live, that Heaven above
Shall be our home at last.

So may our lives consistent be,
That at the end we may
Behold Thy glorious majesty,
Through an eternal day.

Be with us, Lord, whate'er betide ;
Protect us all our days ;
And to Thy Name we will ascribe
All honor, power, and praise.

Faith, Hope, Charity.

"And now abide these three."



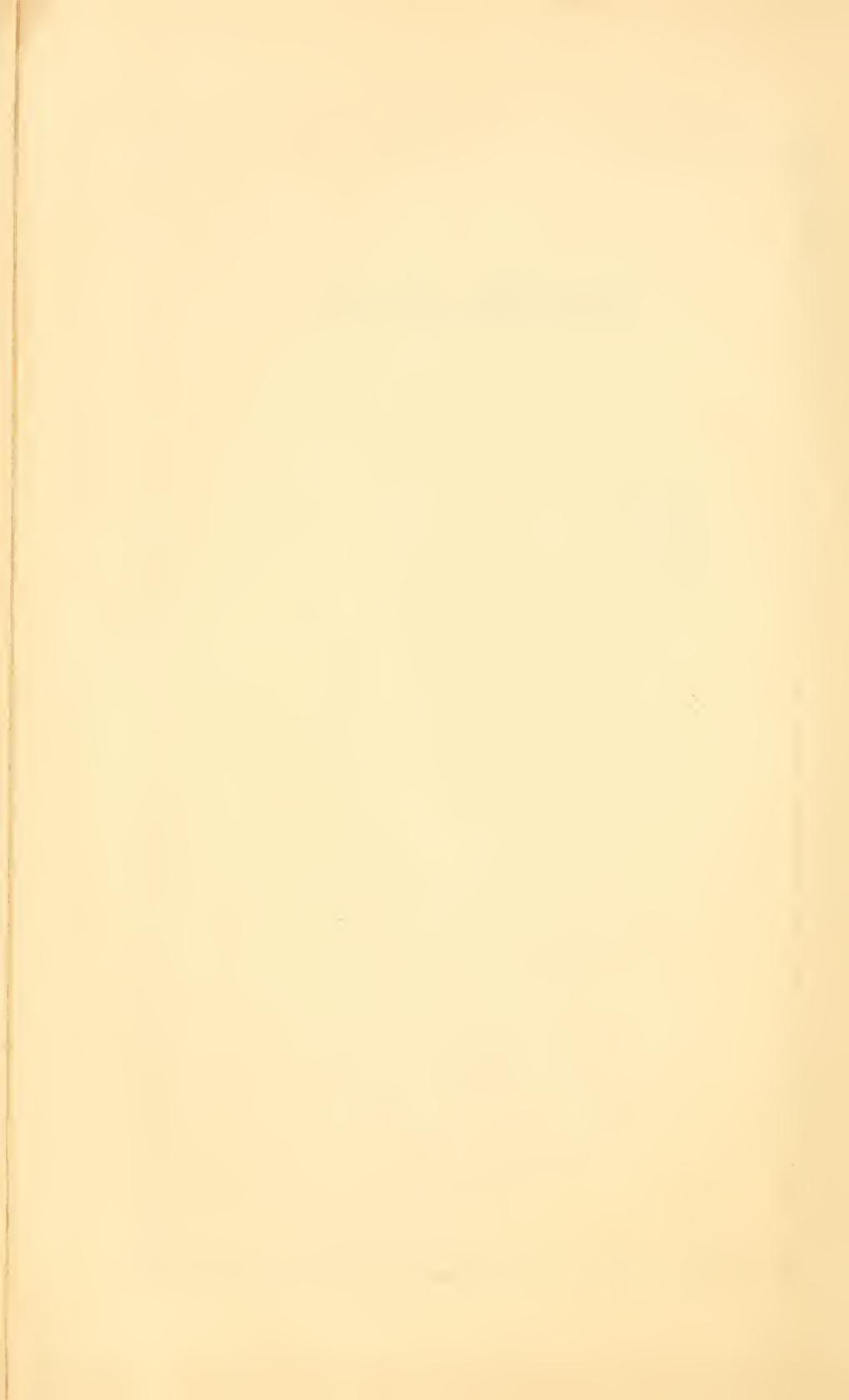
Y Faith I see a glittering ray
Of heavenly halo light my way :
A pillar by night, and cloud by day,
Which bid me fling all fear away,

And give to God the glory.

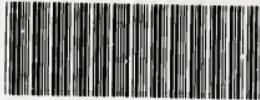
My hope of heaven—my blissful joy ;
No worthless dross, or base alloy,
Ever a moment my raptures cloy—
But bid me seek the sweet employ
To praise His Name most holy.

Charity ! blest name, divinely grand—
O, may each brother of our band,
Who seeks his rest in that happy land,
Be guided by the loving hand
Of God, the Lord Almighty.

Faith ! I adore thy wondrous power ;
To Hope I cling when tempests lower ;
Charity to man, and love of God,
Shall fit me for His blest abode
Through all eternity.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 597 047 4